

# HILLBILLY AND COWBOY HIT PARADE

COMPLETE  
**WORDS**  
AND  
**MUSIC**  
ARRANGED FOR  
GUITAR • UKE  
BANJO • PIANO  
VIOLIN • VOICE

MEXICAN JOE

BUMMING AROUND

JUST WAIT TILL I  
GET YOU ALONE

THIS ORCHID MEANS GOODBYE

HOW'S THE WORLD TREATING YOU

THE PRICE FOR LOVING YOU

SLAVES OF A HOPELESS  
LOVE AFFAIR

BIG MAMOU

LET ME KNOW

HANK'S SONG

As Recorded By  
CARL SMITH  
JIM REEVES  
TEX TYLER  
RED FOLEY  
EDDY ARNOLD  
And Many Others  
PLUS  
PICTURES  
and  
STORIES  
of your  
Favorite Stars



# HILLBILLY & COWBOY HIT PARADE

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**ERNEST TUBB**

Tall, lean Ernest Tubb, the "Texas Troubador," is one of America's favorite singers of cowboy and country ballads. The popular Decca recording star, who has been frequenting the air waves and the screen for a good many years, is also the composer of more than a hundred songs, including the famous "Walking The Floor Over You," which won national acclaim and was recorded by the great Bing Crosby.

Ernest's ability to sing a country tune — and to compose one — comes as naturally to him as does "ropin', tyin' and ridin'"; for, he's an honest-to-goodness Westerner — definitely not of the "store-bought" variety. Born on a ranch near the town of Crisp, Texas, February 9, 1914, Ernest was weaned on the lullabies of the bunk house, where the cowhands would gather 'round the lad with their guitars to sing the songs their fathers and grandfathers had sung . . . or maybe the words and melodies they themselves had put together that day.

It was such a singer of the true folk music of America whom Ernest Tubb came to admire as a youngster. That singer was Jimmie Rodgers, the famous "Singing Brakeman," and it was this hero-worship of Jimmie which inspired Ernest to follow in his footsteps professionally.

In 1933, young Ernest was performing over Station KONO in San Antonio, when he received one of his greatest thrills. It seems that Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers had heard his singing and also of his devotion to the memory of her late husband. Although she had been offered as much as \$3,000 for the guitar that Jimmie used to play, she presented it to Ernest as a gift, feeling that he alone was carrying on the Rodgers musical tradition. Ernest and Mrs. Rodgers became close friends, and he credits her with giving him

much of the guidance and encouragement which made his rise to success such a rapid one. Thus, it is most fitting that Ernest, along with Hank Snow, shared in the sponsorship of Jimmie Rodgers Day, celebrated in Meridian, Miss., on May 26, of this year.

The gift of Jimmie Rodgers' guitar seemed to be a good luck charm for Ernest. Soon after receiving it, he was spotted by a Hollywood talent scout and was signed to a film contract. Three of his top "westerns" include "Fighting Buckaroo" and "Riding West" for Columbia, and "Jamboree" for Republic. Returning from Hollywood to the Lone Star State, Ernest continued his radio, recording and composing work, attracting a large following of loyal fans. In 1943, he and his "Texas Troubadors" joined WSM's popular Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tenn., where they have remained ever since.

Ernest's Decca waxings are perennial best-sellers. Among his most famous are: "Daddy, When Is Mommy Coming Home," "Have You Ever Been Lonely," "Forever Is Ending Today," "Waiting For A Train," "Soldier's Last Letter," "Filipino Baby" and "Rainbow At Midnight." Early in 1949, he teamed up with the Andrews Sisters and produced a big seller, "Don't Rob Another Man's Castle," backed with "I'm Bitin' My Fingernails And Thinking Of You." More recently, Ernest has recorded "Slipping Around," "My Tennessee Baby" and "Dear Judge."

Just as successful in domestic as well as professional life, Ernest Tubb is happily married and has four wonderful children, Justin, Violet, Erlene and Olene. The Tubbs make their home in Nashville, Tenn., where Ernest runs his own music publishing company and record shop.



# THIS ORCHID MEANS GOODBYE

Words and Music by  
BUCK BRYANT  
and MARK WEBB

Moderato with feeling

The piano introduction is in F major, 4/4 time. It begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The melody is played in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes.

## CHORUS

The vocal melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. Chord symbols F, C7, Gm, F, and F7 are placed above the vocal staff. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

1. - To - night I send a, or - chid, and tho' I'll al - ways  
2. - When you said that you love me, I knew it would - n't  
3. - Our love might have been dif - f'rent, but I made sa - cred

The vocal melody continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure. Chord symbols Bb, F, Bb, and F are placed above the vocal staff.

care', THIS OR - CHID MEANS GOOD - BYE to you and  
do, 'Cause I'm in love with some - one else, I  
vows, And I can't ev - er break the heart that

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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to our love af - fair. It's just my way to  
 guess I love you too. I'm mar - ried to an -  
 I hold with mine now. So please for - get the

tell you and I hope that you won't cry, But I be - long to  
 oth - er, what — chance have you and I, So I'll just send an  
 past, dear, as — time goes pass - ing by, 'Cause we can't ev - er

some - one else, THIS OR-CHID MEANS GOOD - BYE. 2. -When  
 or - chid dear, THIS OR-CHID MEANS GOOD - BYE. 3. - Our  
 love a - gain, THIS OR-CHID MEANS GOOD - BYE.



# ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Every year a new crop of entertainers make their entrance into the folk and hillbilly music world. Some of them are successful, others are not so fortunate, while very few show promise of becoming all-time greats. Well, during the past year or so, a young fellow has come into the national spotlight who is as close to a "sure thing" as you can get. His name? Why, it's none other than Marty Robbins, the country singer "with the teardrop in his voice."

Marty has been recording on the Columbia label for little more than a year, and in this short while, the lovable guy with the curly hair has moved up the ladder of success by leaps and bounds. He is now performing with the best folk talent in the world on WSM's Grand Ole Opry. Besides his Saturday night stint on the Opry, Marty has his own show over WSM from 5:45 to 6:00 AM, Monday through Friday for Martha White Flour. He also makes personal appearances throughout the South.

One sure indication that young Mr. Robbins is no "flash in the pan" is the fact that he has a vote of confidence from disc jockeys the nation over. And those of you who are familiar with the workings of the music business will be quick to realize that the d.j.'s are in a position to make or break an artist by spinning — or not spinning — his records. It's as simple as that. Well, it seems that whenever a platter-twirler is asked his opinion as to who the most promising newcomers are in the folk music field, the name of Marty Robbins crops up before all others. So, with these boys pulling for him, plus millions of fans and admirers, it looks like Marty just can't miss reaching the top.

The new hillbilly sensation is a son of the gorgeous state of Arizona. He came into this world on September 26, 1925, as Martin Robinson, and his hometown is Glendale. After grammar school in Peoria, Arizona, and high school in Glendale, Marty worked at several odd jobs, also finding time to write his first song, "Heartsick." Shortly after the outbreak of World War II, he joined the U.S. Navy, serving three years — two of them in the South Pacific.

It was during his service tenure that the Columbia star decided to concentrate on music as a career. To pass away the long hours, he bought a guitar and taught himself how to strum it. That is a departure from the usual practice; for, most of the boys and girls on the Opry began pickin' and singin' when they were very young. However, there is no hard and fast rule about such things — the main question being the artist's ability, of which Marty has plenty.

When he finished his hitch in the Navy, Marty began his professional work as a country singer with Radio Station KTYL in Mesa, Arizona. It was a small outlet, but it gave him a chance to gain the experience so vital to season a performer. He did a quarter-hour show there, which had a great deal to do with his landing a job over Station KPHO in Phoenix. There Marty had a half-hour show in the morning, five days a week, called "Chuck Wagon Time." He soon organized his own band, the "K-Bar Cowboys," and after winning a large



## MARTY ROBBINS

following, was rewarded with a 15-minute television program on KPHO-TV four days weekly. In short order, he was presented with a Columbia recording contract and was invited to appear as guest artist on the Grand Ole Opry. Guess they must have liked him in Nashville, 'cause on January 19, 1953, he became a regular member of the troupe.

Besides being a top-flight entertainer, Marty Robbins is very strong in the writing department. Most of his Columbia recordings are original compositions, the most popular being such numbers as "Tomorrow You'll Be

Gone," "Love Me Or Leave Me Alone," "I Wish Somebody Loved Me," "Crying Cause I Love You" and "You're Breaking My Heart." At the present time he has three hits that are far up on the national survey charts, "I'll Go On Alone," "I Couldn't Keep From Crying" and "After You Leave."

Although Marty, his wife and 3-year-old son, Ronnie, like their home in Tennessee, it is not likely that they'll ever forget Arizona. For, Mrs. Robbins has the unique name of "Marizona," a combination of Maricopa (her native country) and Arizona.



# BUMMING AROUND

Words and Music by  
PETE GRAVES

Moderato with a lift

**CHORUS**

Got an old slouch hat, Got my roll on my shoul - der, —

I'm as free as the breeze, And I'll do as I please, —

Just a - BUM-MIN' A-ROUND. Got a mil - lion friends, —

Don't feel an - y old - er, — I've got noth - ing to lose, — Not

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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ev - en the blues, Just a - BUM-MIN' A-ROUND. When - ev - er wor - ries

start to both - er - in' me, I grab my coat, my

old slouch hat, — Hit the trail a - gain, you see. — I ain't got a dime,

Don't care where I'm go - in', — I'm as free as the breeze, And I'll

do as I please, — Just a - BUM-MIN' A-ROUND. Got an old slouch ROUND.

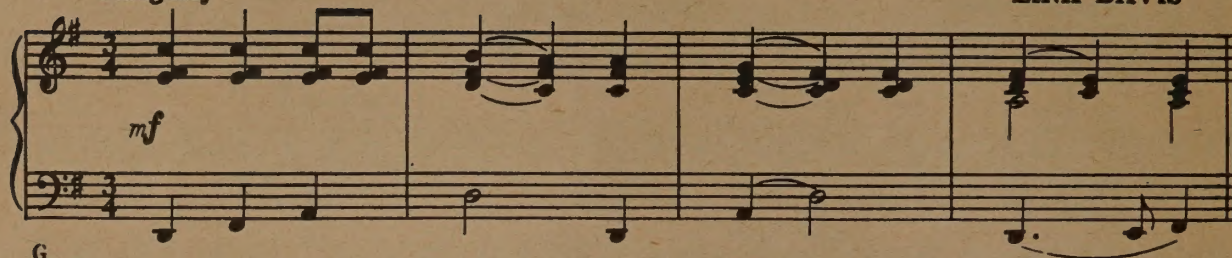
Chords: Fm7, Bb7, F7, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Cdim, Eb, F7, Bb7, Fm7, Bb7, (tacet), Eb, Bb7, Eb, Gdim, Bb7, Gdim, Fm7, Bb7, F7, Bb7, Eb, Eb, Fm7, Eb.



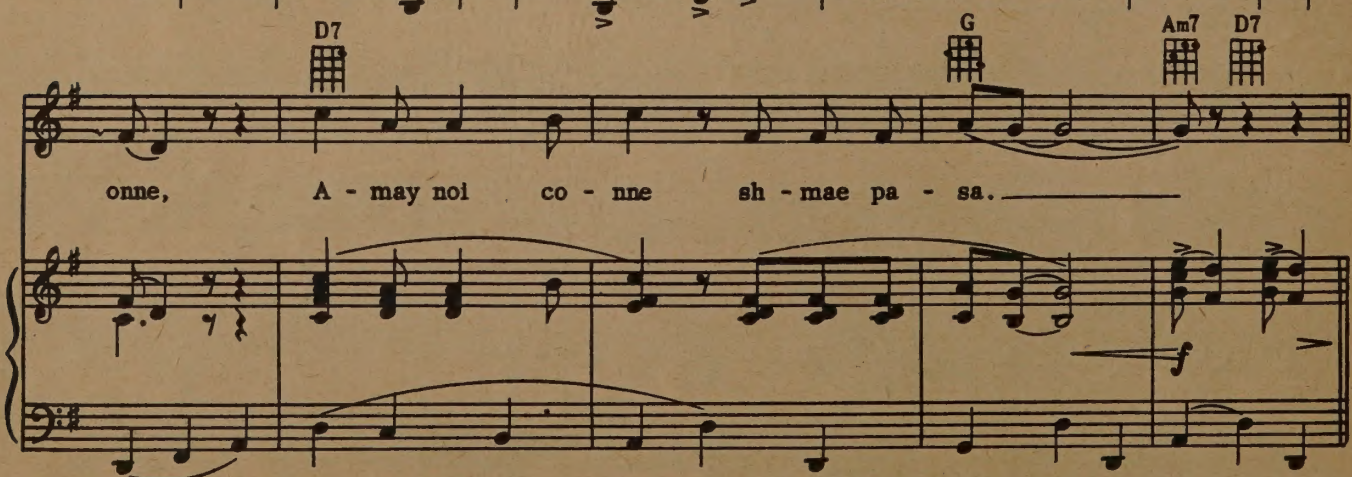
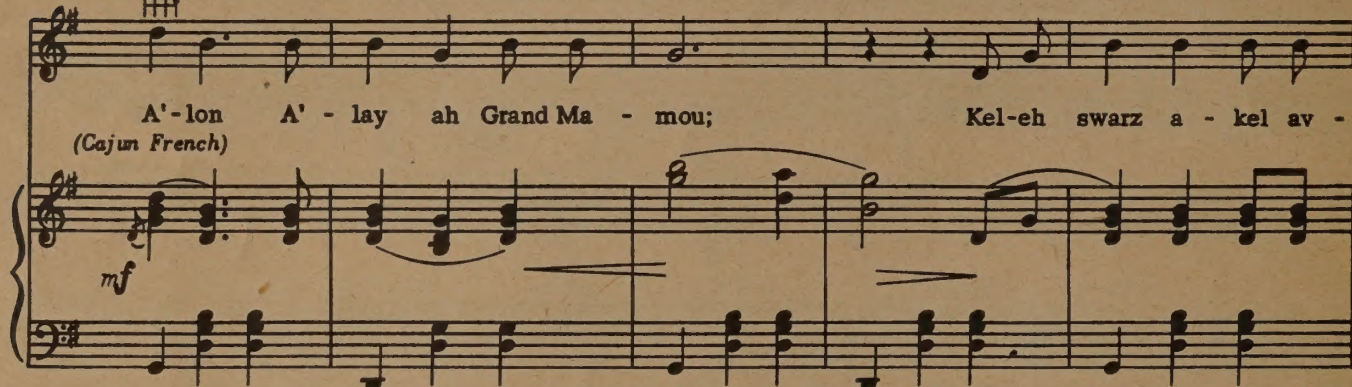
# BIG MAMOU

Words and Music by  
LINK DAVIS


Brightly



VERSE






**CHORUS** 

Why did you go 'way an' leave me in BIG MA-MOU; — You  
Oh, how — I know the BIG MA-MOU; —







*mf-f*

left me for an - oth - er, you left — me a - lone and so blue;  
Ev - 'ry night I write the same thing, — I know what I say;



Please come back, — Hey! chile, come on back, — Make me hap-py,  
Oh, ha ha! — Oh, dear, — I — know —

*f*

1     2  

live — with me in BIG MA-MOU. — (BIG MA-MOU.) —  
I — did not — say that. —

*ffz*





# THE MEN

Ever since Henry Hudson sailed his schooner into the New World and up the river now bearing his name, with his crew singing the old tune, "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean," the folk style of song has been on a steady climb. New songs were written about the New World, telling of the beauties of the rivers, mountains and settlements; of the settlers' quarrels with the Indians, and how they bought Manhattan Island for trinkets worth about \$24. At that time, the population was less than 200 people, Wall Street was a cow path and what is now known as Broadway was a footpath through open fields.

Then the settlers started to spread out and wander through the woodlands of New Jersey. They chopped down the trees, built themselves log cabins, planted their gardens and carried their folk songs wherever they went. Some traveled North, others West and still others South. During this time, new heroes began to spring up in different parts of the country. Probably the first Tennessean to have a song written about him was the famous Davy Crockett, the early-day bragging politician. Many of the old-timers will remember hearing this song:

★ ★ ★

## THE BALLAD OF DAVY CROCKETT

Now, don't you want to know something concernin'  
Where I come from and where I got my learnin'  
The world is made out of mud from the Mississippi river  
And the sun's a ball of foxfire as you will discover.

### Chorus

I take the ladies out at night,  
'Cause their eyes shine so bright,  
They make the world seem gay and light,  
When the moon is out of sight.

### 2nd

And so one day as I was goin' a-spoon-in'  
I met Old Colonel Davy goin' a-coon-in'  
Says I, "Where's your gun, you ain't got none,  
How you gonna kill a coon without a gun."

### 3rd

Says he, "Young Man, just follow after Davy  
And I'll show you how to grin a coon cat crazy"  
I followed on a piece and thar shot a squirrel  
Settin' on a log and eatin' some sheep sorrel.

### 4th

When Davy saw him, he looked around at me  
Sayin', "All I need now's a brace against your knee"

Right then and there I braced this great big sinner  
He grinned six times hard enough to digest his dinner

### 5th

The critter on the log didn't seem to mind him  
He kept a settin' there and wouldn't look behind him  
And then he said "That critter must be dead,  
See the bark a-flyin' all around the critter's head"

### 6th

I walked right up and the truth I did discover  
That it was a pine knot, so hard it made me shiver  
Says he, "Young Man, now don't you start to laugh  
I'll pin your ears back and bite you right in half."

### 7th

I flung down my gun and all my ammunition  
Says I, "Davy Crockett, I'll cool your mad ambition"  
He threw back his head and blowed just like a steam  
Says he, "Young Man, I'm a fightin' Tennessee screamer."

### 8th

Then we locked horns and we wallered in the thorns  
I never had such a fight since the day I was born  
We fought all day and night, then agreed to stop it  
I was purty badly whipped, and so was Davy Crockett

### 9th

I looked all around and found my head a-missin'  
He'd bit off my head, and I'd swallowed half of his'n  
Then we both agreed to let each other be,  
For, I was too much for him, and he was too much for me.

★ ★ ★

There are many stories told about Davy Crockett, and even books written about him. Here is how he described a fight that he had with another scow-boat hand while working on the Mississippi River. Davy says, "One day I was sittin' in the stern of my old scow floating down the Mississippi with a square of cornbread in one hand and a jug of cider in the other, and who should come floatin' by but old Joe Snag, one leg propped over the other sound asleep and a-puffin' and a-snorin' like an old side wheeler. I couldn't resist, so I picked up my oar and cracked him over the knob. He waked up in a thundrin' rage and says, 'What's goin' on stranger, and who gave you permission to crack bugs on my head?' Well, I was feeling kind of cocky, so I says to him, 'Shut up your big mouth before your teeth get sunburnt.' At this, he stood up, crooked his neck and bellered like a

stallion. Then I bent my arm, showed him my muscle and crowed like a fighting rooster. And he says, 'If you think you're a game chicken, I'll pick all the pin feathers off of you and put you back in the coop.' Well I hadn't had a good fight for nearly 3 days, so I says to him, 'Give me no more of that chin music and set your kickers on dry land and I'll show you how to take the steam out of your pot boiler.' Well, I made a swipe at him, and he ducked. He gave me a real hard sockdologer that made my liver turn to jelly, but he still found me a tough customer; for, I broke three of his ribs and pasted his nose back over his ear. Then I lost my grip, and he hit me with a haymaker that dragged the ground, knockin' out 5 of my teeth and one eyeball. He was the toughest colt that I ever tried to break. Then we started to wrestle, and I got a headlock and a scissor hold on him, and he got a double Nelson and a leg lock on me. We were so spliced up that it took four boatmen to untangle us, and we were both so exorsted that it was more than a month before we could stand on our feet. After that I never hit a sleeping wildcat over the head with an oar again."

As the wagons rolled westward, new songs were written about the heroes and the bad men. There was "Wild Bill" Hicock of LaSalle County, Ill., a fearless young man who would fight at the bat of an eye. When he was twenty, Wild Bill came to the aid of an 11-year-old boy named Will Cody, who was being rough-handled by his companions in Lew Simpson's wagon train group. Wild Bill took on the four tough guys and had them laying on their backs before they knew what had struck them. He was always a fast man with a gun, too, but he believed in fair play and always gave the other fellow a fighting chance. Wild Bill had many good and loyal friends, but he also had enemies. It was one of his enemies, Jack McCall, who sneaked up and shot Wild Bill in the back of the head. Wild Bill's best friend, Colorado Charlie Utter, took care of his funeral, while Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, wrote this song and dedicated it to Colorado Charlie. Here are the words:

★ ★ ★

## BURIAL OF WILD BILL

Under the sod in the prairie land  
We have laid him down to rest  
With many a tear from the sad rough throng  
And the friends he loved the best  
And many a heartfelt sigh was heard,  
As over the sward we trod  
And many an eye was filled with tears,  
As we covered him with the sod.

Under the sod in the prairie land,  
We have laid the good and true  
An honest heart and a noble scout,  
He bade us a last adieu  
No more his silvery voice will ring,



# AND THE MUSIC

His spirit has gone to God  
Around his faults let charity cling,  
While we cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in the Land of Gold,  
We have laid the fearless Bill  
We called him Wild, yet a little child,  
Could bend his iron will  
With generous heart he freely gave  
To the poorly clad, unshod  
Think of it, pard, of his noble traits,  
While you cover him with the sod.

Under the sod in Deadwood Gulch  
You have laid his last remains  
No more his manly form will hail,  
The Red Man on the plains,  
And, Charlie, may heaven bless you,  
You gave him a "bully good send"  
Bill was a friend to you, pard,  
And you were his last best friend

You buried him 'neath the old pine  
tree,  
In that little world of ours  
His trusty rifle by his side,  
His grave all strewn with flowers  
His manly form in sweet repose,  
That lovely silken hair  
I tell you, pard, it was a sight,  
That face so white and fair.

Wild Bill's fame had become so great  
that in the following ten years, visitors  
to the Mount Moriah Cemetery chipped  
off pieces of the old wooden headpiece  
as souvenirs until there was little or  
nothing left of it. Then Bill's best  
friend, Charlie Utter, erected a new  
headstone and full-length statue, which  
is surrounded by a steel cage to keep  
vandals out. And on the marble head-  
stone is inscribed the following:

Wild Bill

J. B. Hicock

Killed by the assassin

Jack McCall

Deadwood City

Black Hills

August 2, 1876

Pard, we will meet again in the Happy  
Hunting Grounds to part no more

Goodbye

Colorado Charlie

C. H. Utter

There were also songs written about  
Billy The Kid from Santa Fe, New  
Mexico. Although Billy was a tough  
bandit, he was generous and loyal to  
his many friends, and the people of  
New Mexico still respect and love the  
memory of Billy The Kid — especially  
the Mexican people who live there.  
Here is the song about Billy The Kid:

★ ★ ★

## BILLY THE KID

I'll sing you a song about Billy The  
Kid,  
And tell of the desperate deeds that he  
did  
Far out in New Mexico, long long ago  
Where a man's only friend was his own  
forty-four

When Billy The Kid was a very young  
lad  
In old Silver City he went to the bad

Out there in the West with a gun in  
his hand  
At the age of twelve years he killed his  
first man

Young Mexican girls still play guitars  
and sing  
Of romantic Billy, their boy bandit  
king  
Before his young manhood had reached  
its sad end  
He'd a notch on his pistol for twenty-  
one men

And on the same night that poor Billy  
died  
He said to his friends "I'm not yet  
satisfied"  
There are twenty-one men that I've  
put bullets through  
And Sheriff Pat Garrett must make  
twenty-two

But this is how Billy The Kid met his  
fate  
The bright moon was shining, the hour  
it was late  
He was shot by Pat Garrett, who once  
was his friend  
And this young outlaw's life had now  
come to its end

There's many a man with a heart fine  
and fair  
Who starts out in life and who means  
to be square  
But just like poor Billy, he wanders  
astray  
And loses his life in this very same  
way.

★ ★ ★

There were other badmen and  
famous characters who had songs  
written about them and the deeds that  
they had done, both good and bad.  
There was Sam Bass, a train robber,  
and "Stackalee," a travelin' badman  
who was liked by all the women folk;  
for, he was so big and strong that  
when he hugged them he nearly  
squeezed the life out of them. Stack-  
alee played guitar, and it is said he  
could beat out more blues and boogie  
woogie on his guitar than any four  
barroom piano players. He had a  
deep guttural voice, but when he sang  
the blues, the ladies hearts would melt  
just like butter. Stackalee left a  
string of broken hearts from coast-to-  
coast.

But the best known badman of them  
all was Jesse James, who robbed  
stage coaches, trains and banks; then  
turned around and gave the money to  
poor widows, orphaned children and  
other unfortunates. As the story goes,  
Jesse once stopped at a poor widow's  
home to buy a meal, and when he heard  
that the mortgage on her home was  
being foreclosed, he pulled out a bag of  
money and counted out \$1,400 on the  
table. The widow said, "I can't borrow  
that from you; I'll never be able to pay  
back the loan." Jesse answered, "Lady,  
this is no loan, it's a gift."

Here is a song about Jesse James  
which you have probably heard many  
times:

## JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a lad who killed many  
a man,  
He robbed the Glendale train  
He stole from the rich and gave to the  
poor,  
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

### Chorus

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,  
His three children they were brave  
But that dirty little coward who shot  
Mister Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

### 2nd

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little  
coward,  
And I wonder how he feels  
For he ate of Jesse's bread, and he  
slept in Jesse's bed,  
Then he put Jesse James in his grave.

### 3rd

Now Jesse was a man, a friend to the  
poor,  
He'd never see a child suffer pain.  
He and his brother Frank robbed the  
Chicago Bank,  
And stopped the Glendale train.

### 4th

'Twas on a Wednesday night, the moon  
was shining bright,  
They stopped the Glendale train,  
All the people they did say, for many  
miles away,  
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse  
James.

### 5th

It was on a Saturday night, and Jesse  
was at home  
Talking to his family brave,  
Robert Ford came along, like a thief  
in the night,  
And put Jesse James in his grave.

### 6th

The people held their breath when they  
heard of Jesse's death,  
And wondered how he ever came to die,  
It was one of the gang called Robert  
Ford,  
That shot Jesse James on the sly.

### 7th

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on  
his breast,  
The Devil will be upon his knee.  
He was born one day in the County of  
Shea,  
And he came of a solitary race.

### 8th

This song was wrote down note for  
note,  
As soon as the news did arrive,  
For there was no man with the law in  
his hand,  
Could take Jesse James while alive.

Most of the old folk songs are taken  
from true-to-life stories like those  
mentioned. They tell of things that  
reach into your heart; such as floods,  
train wrecks, accidents, romances, the  
old homestead, etc. Many of the Ameri-  
can folk tunes are now known around  
the world through the media of re-  
cords, radio and motion pictures. As  
long as there are stories to write,  
folk music will remain popular.



# JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU ALONE

Words and Music by  
FELICE and BOUDLEAUX BRYANT

Moderato

*mf*

*mp-mf* *\* F* C7 F C7

1. You tell me I'm too shy, A bash - ful kind of  
(2. Your) eyes dare me to try Your kiss - es on the

*mp-mf* F C7 F Cm6 D7 G7 G7-5

guy, But wait 'til I get you a - lone!  
sly; JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU A - LONE!

Gm7 C7 F C7 F F7 Bb F7

I'm bold - er than you know, My arms will tell you  
I'll teach you not to flirt, I'll squeeze you 'til you

Bb G7 Fdim F C7 F Bb Bbm6

so; JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU A - LONE!  
hurt; JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU A - LONE!

\* Symbols for Guitar, Ukulele and Banjo.

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**Chorus:**

I used to blush and hang my head, and stut - ter and stam - mer,  
I may seem bash - ful in a crowd, but don't let it fool you;

**Verse:**

E - ven when I tried to call you on the phone.  
You'll know bet - ter when I make your lips my own.

**Bridge:**

But love has made me brave, And love is what I  
If love is what you need, I'm read - y, yes, in -

**Chorus:**

crave;  
deed;  
JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU A -  
JUST WAIT 'TIL I GET YOU A -

**Outro:**

1. LONE!  
2. Your  
- LONE!

**Chords:** F, Cm7, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, F, C7, F, C7, F, Bb, F, D7+5, D7, G7, G7-5, C7, F, C7, F, F7, Bb, F7, Bb, G7, Fdim, F, C7, Fdim, Gm7, C7, F, Bb, Bbm6, F.





## HAWKSHAW HAWKINS

This Hawkshaw doesn't carry a gun — no sir — but he carries a mighty powerful weapon. This weapon is guaranteed to make you clap your hands and stamp your feet. It's a big, powerful guitar, and it has to be; for, the guy who totes it around is mighty big too. Hawkshaw Hawkins is his name, and if you are familiar with country music, then Hawk has to be one of your favorites.

Hawk has been one of the leading country entertainers for quite some time now, and with each passing year his fame becomes greater. His birth was practically a Christmas gift for his folks, because the event took place a scant three days before St. Nick appeared back in 1921. In round figures that makes Hawk thirty two. The town of Huntington, West Virginia, is very proud to be called the birthplace of the personable Mr. Hawkins.

Ever since he was knee high to a guitar, Hawk's one ambition was to entertain. He says that in the early days it was just kids around the block and friends of the family who listened, but as time went on, more and more people heard and liked the presentation of his songs. Before long, he was a well-known personality in the South. Instead of the name Harold Franklin Hawkins, he became known as just plain Hawk, a nickname he prefers to be called.

Hawk looks like what all people think cowboys and folk singers should look like. He is a mere six foot, four inches tall and weighs a lean one-hundred-eighty pounds. He has brown hair, blue eyes and carries himself like a man born in the saddle. All of his colleagues have the highest respect for him, and his fans all over the world have pinned another name on him. To them he is known as "eleven yards of personality." Figure it up, and if you ever meet this young giant, you will see how true the name fits.

Show business today is a pretty competitive field, and it takes more than personality to keep on the top. The big asset you need is talent. Well, Hawk is tops in this department too. Besides doing a fine job singing and playing a guitar, he can also play the tenor and five string banjo, mandolin, violin, bass and the harmonica thrown in for good measure. He is practically a one-man band, and during his shows on WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia, you are bound to hear the Hawk contribute most of the music.

As we mentioned before, Hawk originally came from Huntington, West Virginia, and that's where he got his first start on radio. He has since appeared over many powerful stations throughout the South, including WSAZ in his home town and WCHS in Charleston, West Virginia. Hawk has


also made his mark up in "Yankee-land," having been featured over WLAW, Lawrence, Massachusetts, and WFIL in Philadelphia. He finally joined the staff of WWVA, where he is your host on that station's big Saturday Night Jamboree. Not only radio but personal appearances gave Hawk a big push up the ladder of success.

Not content with being a featured performer, Hawk also has turned his talents to the songwriting field. He has written some mighty pretty songs, a few of which include: "The Time Will Come," "The Way I Love," "I've Got The Blues" and "I've Loved You More Than I Know." He has recorded all of these tunes, plus many more on the King label. Checking up on his more recent recordings, you will find "All Because Of My Jealous Heart" and "Life Lost Its Color." All his records are in the best-seller class, and King is mighty happy to have Hawk on the staff.

On the personal side of the ledger we find that the Hawk is happily married to a pretty girl by the name of Reva. He thoroughly enjoys outdoor sports such as fishing, baseball and swimming, while he also engages in some coon-hunting and horseback riding. Never once does he forget the value of fans and fan clubs, having many such organizations in his honor.

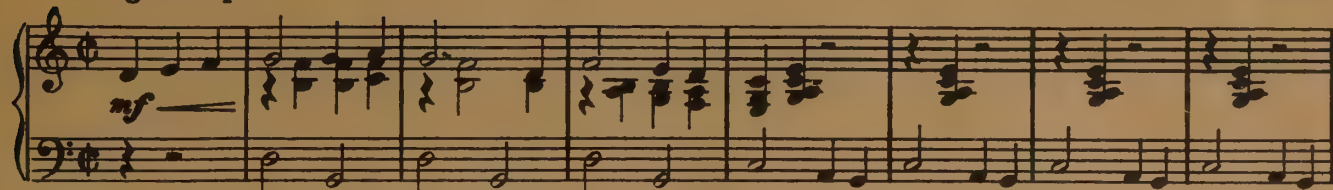


# MEXICAN JOE

Tune Uke  
G C E A  


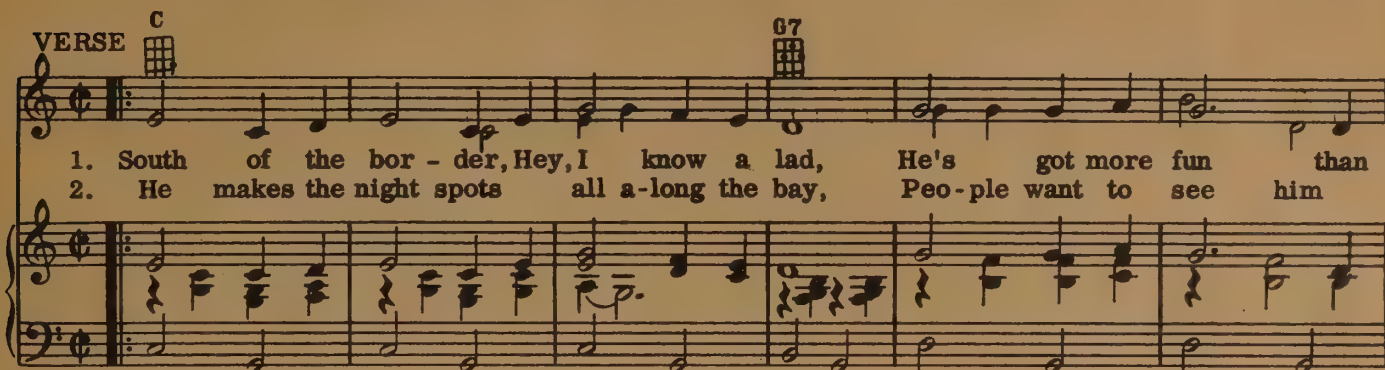
Words and Music by  
MITCHELL TOROK

Bright tempo

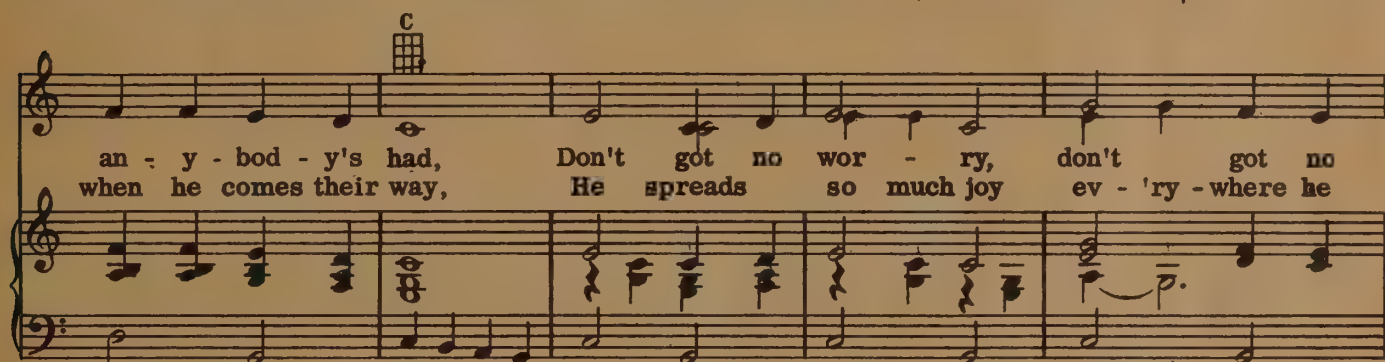


VERSE

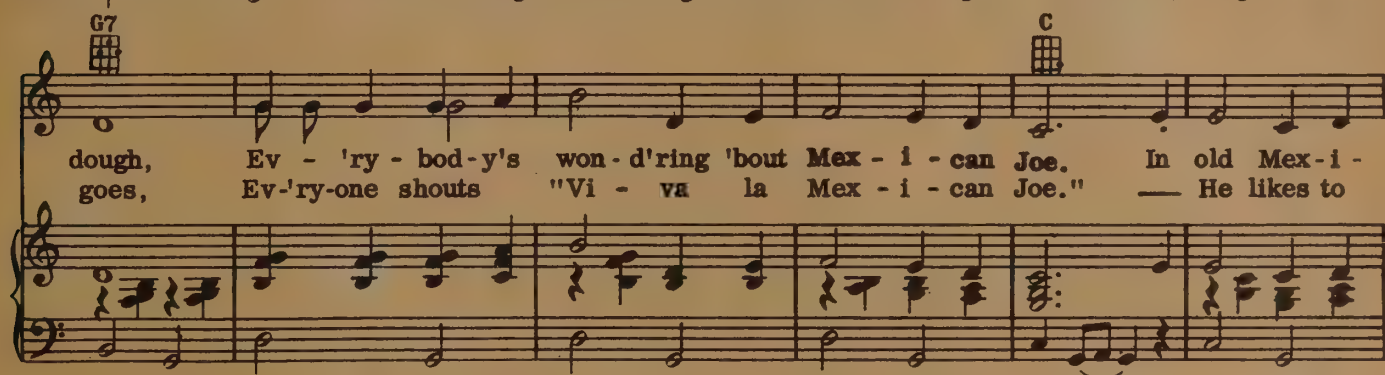
1. South of the bor - der, Hey, I know a lad, He's got more fun than  
2. He makes the night spots all a-long the bay, Peo-ple want to see him



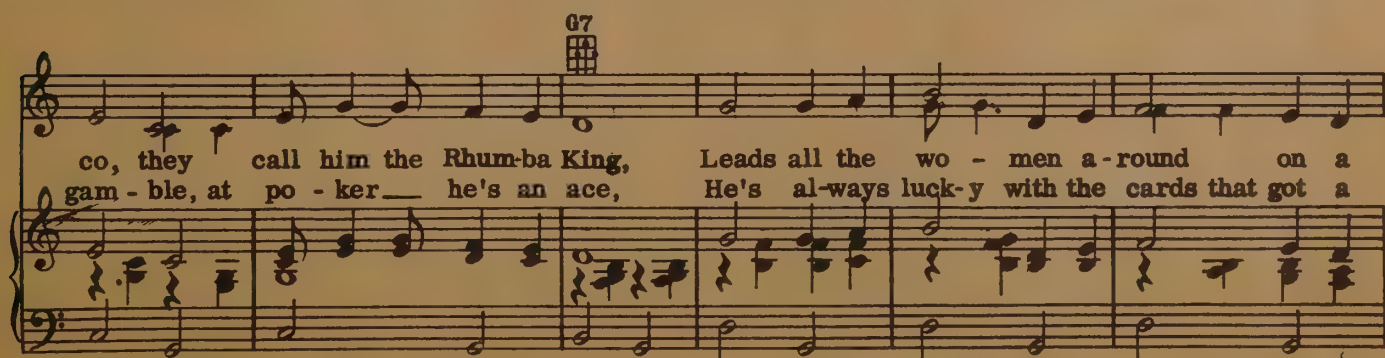
an - y - bod - y's had, Don't got no wor - ry, don't got no  
when he comes their way, He spreads so much joy ev - 'ry - where he



dough, Ev - 'ry - bod - y's won - d'ring 'bout Mex - i - can Joe. In old Mex - i -  
goes, Ev - 'ry-one shouts "Vi - va la Mex - i - can Joe." — He likes to



co, they call him the Rhum-ba King, Leads all the wo - men a-round on a  
gam - ble, at po - ker — he's an ace, He's al-ways luck-y with the cards that got a



Arr. by Lou Halmy

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string, — When they go out, they get a mil-lion thrills, But the  
face, At win - ning the mon - ey, he is sure a whiz, But —

love - ly se - ño - ri - tas wind up with the bills.  
when they win they don't col - lect 'cause they don't know where he is.

**CHORUS**

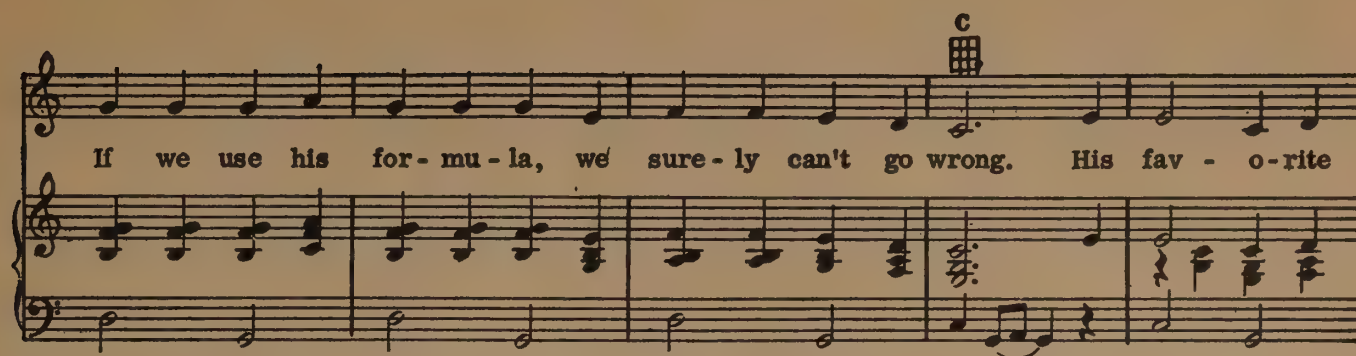
Danc-in', ro-manc-in', al-ways on the go, Sun shin-in' down on Mex-i-can Joe. Joe.

**VERSE**

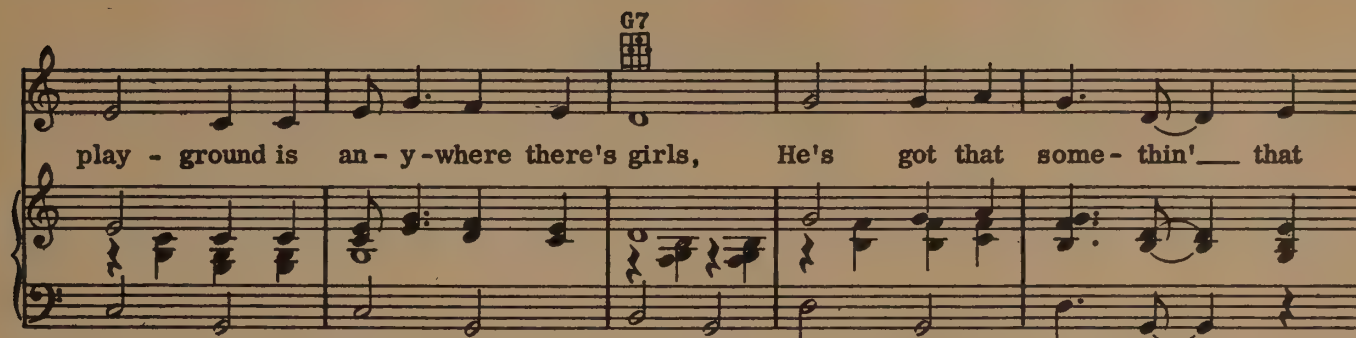
3. He don't got no in-come tax 'cause he don't got no dough, Still he gets a-long just fine,

How we'll nev-er know, He's got ev-'ry-thing he wants, a girl, a drink, a song,

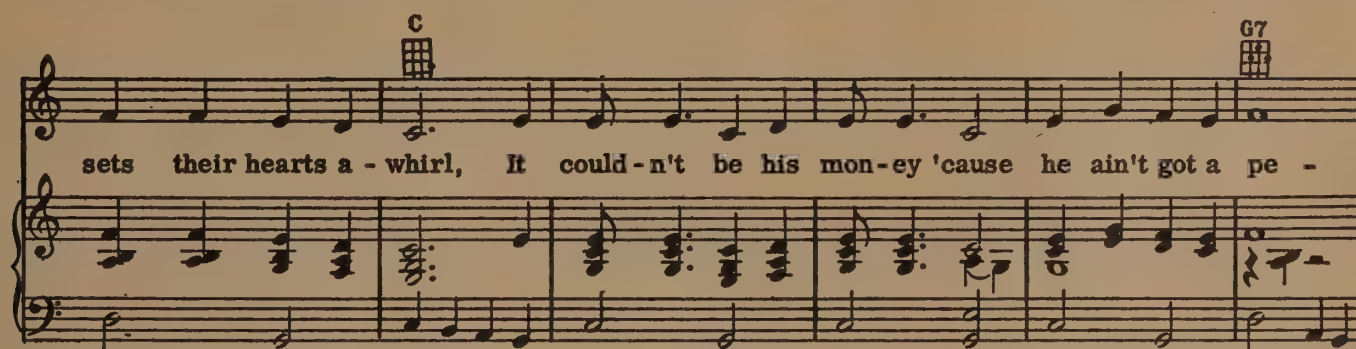




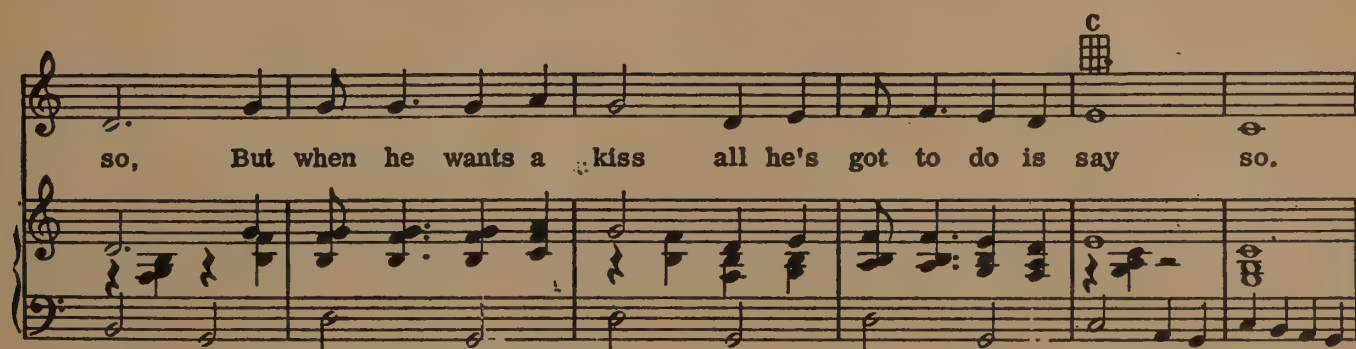
If we use his for-mu-la, we sure-ly can't go wrong. His fav - o-rite



play - ground is an - y-where there's girls, He's got that some- thin' that

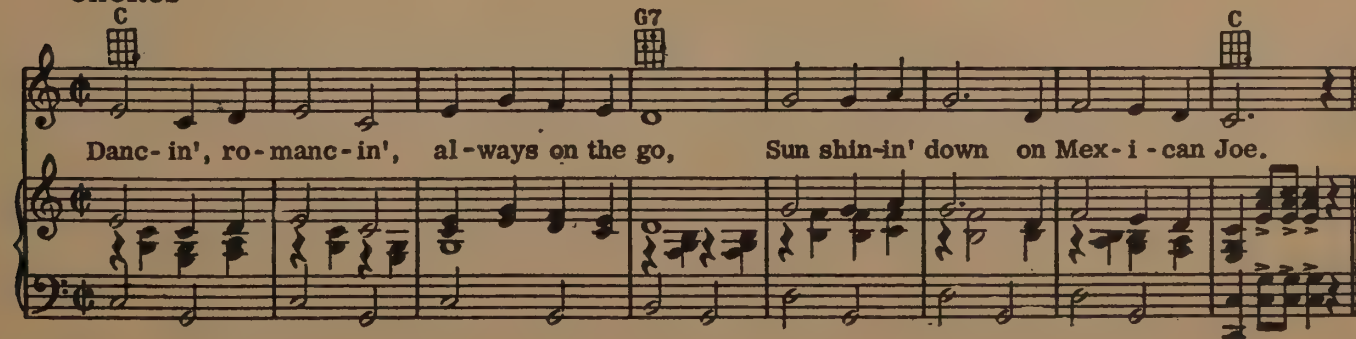


sets their hearts a - whirl, It could-n't be his mon-ey 'cause he ain't got a pe -



so, But when he wants a kiss all he's got to do is say so.

## CHORUS



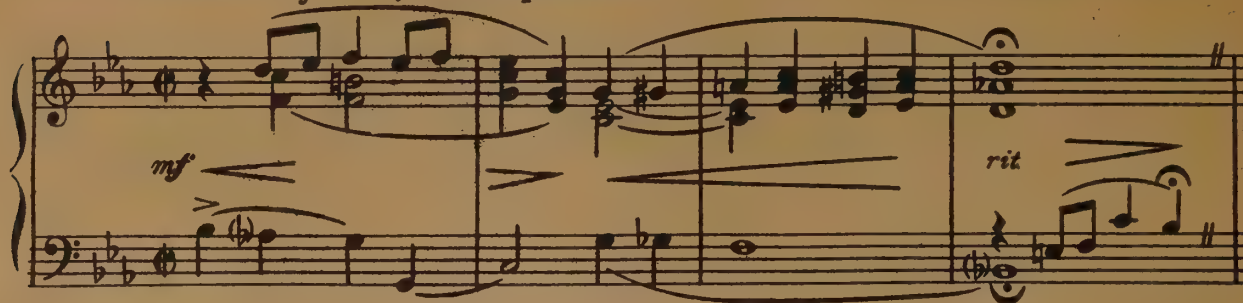
Danc-in', ro-manc-in', al-ways on the go, Sun shin-in' down on Mex-i-can Joe.



# How's The World Treating You?

Words and Music by  
BOUDLEAUX BRYANT  
and CHET ATKINS

Moderately slow, with expression



Voice

\* Eb Bb7 Ab Eb Bbm6 C7

1. I've had noth - ing but sor - row, — Since you said we were  
2. Got no plans for next Sun - day, — Got no plans for to -  
3. Do you won - der a - bout me? — Like I'm hep - ing you

*mp - mf a tempo*

The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The dynamics range from mezzo-piano (mp) to mezzo-forte (mf), and the tempo is marked 'a tempo'. The piano part features a mix of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic support for the vocal line.

Fm Fm7 Abm6 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Abm6

through;  
day;  
do;  
There's no hope for to - mor - row, —  
Ev - 'ry day is blue Mon - day, —  
Are you lone - some with - out me? —

The vocal melody continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The dynamics range from mezzo-piano (mp) to mezzo-forte (mf), and the tempo is marked 'a tempo'. The piano part features a mix of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic support for the vocal line.

\* Symbols for Guitar, Ukulele and Banjo

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B $\flat$ 7 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$  E $\flat$

HOW'S THE WORLD TREATING YOU? Ev - 'ry sweet thing that mat - tered, -  
 Ev - 'ry day you're a - way. Though our path-ways have part - ed, -  
 Have you found some-one new? Are you burn-ing and yearn-ing -

E $\flat$ 7 A $\flat$  A $\flat$ 6 A $\flat$ dim

Has been bro - ken in two; All my dreams have been  
 To your mem - 'ry I'm true; Guess I'll stay bro - ken -  
 Do you ev - er get blue? Do you think of re -

E $\flat$  E $\flat$ 6 B $\flat$ dim B $\flat$ 7 1. 2. E $\flat$  Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 3. E $\flat$

shat-tered, HOW'S THE WORLD TREAT-ING YOU?  
 heart-ed, HOW'S THE WORLD TREAT-ING YOU?  
 turn-ing? HOW'S THE WORLD TREAT-ING YOU?



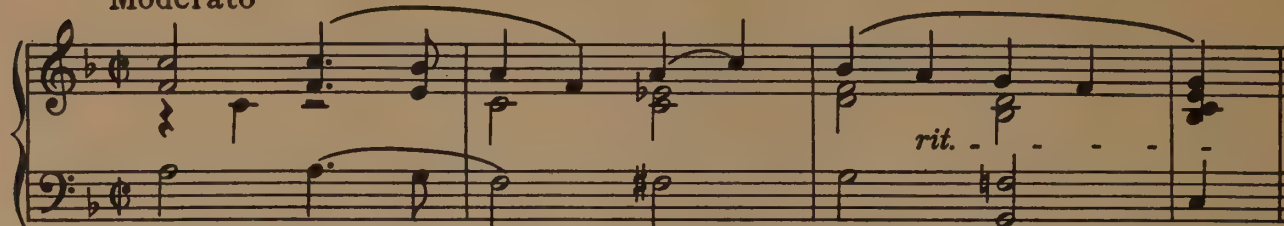
# SLAVES OF A HOPELESS LOVE AFFAIR

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

By BILLY WALLACE

Moderato



## CHORUS

1. I had no right to kiss the sweet lips you gave me, for it's  
 2. (Why do) we have to live a life of tor - ture just be

Ukulele chords: F, C7, F, F7, Bb, Bbm

made our life so hard to bear. You're bound to some-  
 cause we fell in-to the tempt-er's snare? While our hearts cry

Ukulele chords: F, Dm, G7, Gm7, C7, F, C7

one who'll nev-er free you, We're just SLAVES OF A HOPE-LESS LOVE AF-  
 out for each oth - er, We're just SLAVES OF A HOPE-LESS LOVE AF-

Ukulele chords: F, F7, Bb, Bbm, F, C7



F Bb F Bb6 Gm7 C7 F

FAIR. We meet in se-cret, just to be to-geth-er,  
FAIR. We'll have faith that the - kind One in hea-ven

Bb Gm7 C7 F C7

When love should be free as morn-ing air. And drift a -  
will smile down and an - swer our prayers; Give

F C7 F F7 Bb Bbm F

long with no hope to be hap-py, Were just SLAVES OF A  
us the cou-rage to for-get each oth-er And free the SLAVES OF A

C7 1. F F#dim. C7 2. F Bbm F

HOPE-LESS LOVE AF - FAIR. 2. Why do FAIR.  
HOPE-LESS LOVE AF - rit.



# THE STAR-FEST



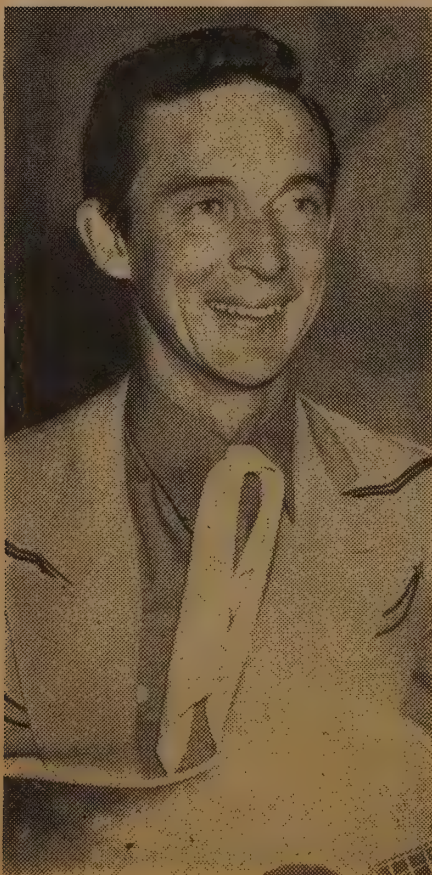
CORKY EDMISTER



HANK THOMPSON



BURL IVES



RAY PRICE



MOON MULLICAN





**GOLDIE HILL**



**THE CARLISES**



**COWBOY COPAS**



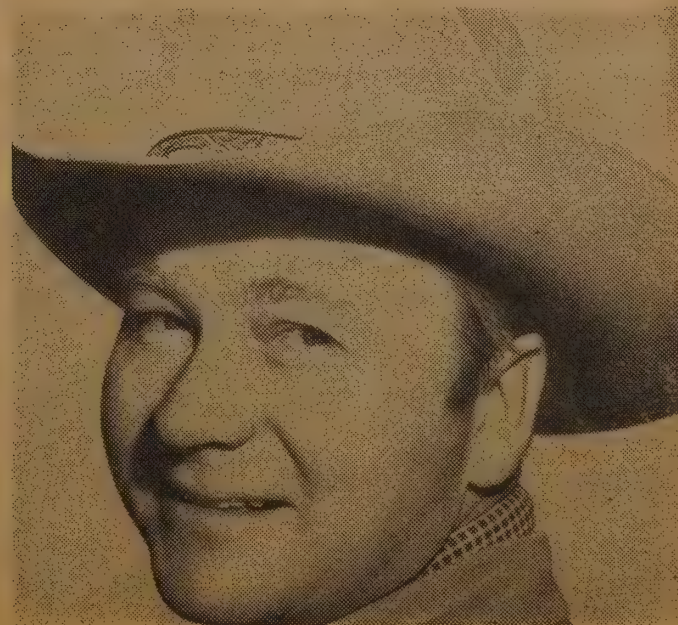
**KEN MARVIN**



**JIMMIE DAVIS**



**CAPTAIN STUBBY AND THE BUCCANEERS**



**TEX RITTER**



# LET ME KNOW

Words and Music by  
SLIM WILLET

Bright tempo (not too slow)

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line starts on G3, moves to F#3, then E3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The introduction ends with a final G4 note in the treble and a G3 note in the bass.

CHORUS

LET ME KNOW, \_\_\_\_\_ when you get tired of ev - 'ry

The first line of the chorus is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line starts on G3, moves to F#3, then E3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The line ends with a final G4 note in the treble and a G3 note in the bass.

fick - le heart - ed guy, And all you do is sit a - round at home and

The second line of the chorus is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line starts on G3, moves to F#3, then E3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The line ends with a final G4 note in the treble and a G3 note in the bass.

cry. \_\_\_\_\_

The third line of the chorus is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass line starts on G3, moves to F#3, then E3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The line ends with a final G4 note in the treble and a G3 note in the bass.

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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LET ME KNOW And you won't ev-er have to

This system contains the first two staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first staff is the vocal line with lyrics 'LET ME KNOW And you won't ev-er have to'. Above the staff are four chords: Ddim, D7, Am7, and D7. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

be a - lone as I. When the tide of love is

This system contains the next two staves. The key signature remains one sharp. The first staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'be a - lone as I. When the tide of love is'. Above the staff is a G chord. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

down, And your heart's all tied and bound, LET ME KNOW, -sweet - heart, for

This system contains the next two staves. The key signature remains one sharp. The first staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'down, And your heart's all tied and bound, LET ME KNOW, -sweet - heart, for'. Above the staff are three chords: C, C, and D7. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

I'll still be a - round. 2. I'm as round.

This system contains the final two staves. The key signature remains one sharp. The first staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'I'll still be a - round. 2. I'm as round.'. Above the staff are two first endings: the first ending has G and D7 chords, and the second ending has G, C7, and G chords. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.



# The Price For Loving You

Tune Ukulele: A D F# B

Words and Music by  
MARIE WILSON & RAY PRICE

Moderately

*mf*

1. Like trees that stand — with limbs so bare, It's  
2. I watch my world — go tum - bling down,

*mp-mf*

leaves are gone — with win - ter air; ——— Now here I  
Like a star — that's earth - ly bound; ——— You took a -

stand — a - lone and blue, But that's THE PRICE — FOR  
way — the faith I knew, But that's THE PRICE — FOR



Bb7 Eb Eb7 Ab  
 LOV - ING YOU. Your heart so proud is  
 LOV - ING YOU. Like man - y souls that

Eb Eb7 Ab Eb Bb7  
 just a shell. A sto - ry that's too sad to tell;  
 walk this way, I'll die a lit - tle more each day;

Bb7 Eb Ab Eb  
 — I live with - in the past we knew And that's THE  
 — Un - loved, un - claimed, what can I do, But that's THE

Bb7 1 Eb A° Bb7 2 Eb  
 PRICE FOR LOV - ING YOU. 2. I  
 PRICE FOR LOV - ING YOU.

*poco rit.*



# HANK'S SONG

Words and Music by  
TOMMY COLLINS

Moderato



F B $\flat$  F Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  tacet F B $\flat$

1. I just don't like this kind of liv - in', \_\_\_\_\_ With no - bod - y  
2. (I'd) like to turn back the years, \_\_\_\_\_ When we heard the

mp

F Cm7 D7 G7 G7 $^{\flat 5}$  C7 Gm7 C7 F B $\flat$  F Cm7 F7 B $\flat$

lone - some for me; \_\_\_\_\_ I'm head - in' down the long, lost high - way. \_\_\_\_\_  
wed - din' bells chimes, \_\_\_\_\_ When I was howl - in' at the moon, \_\_\_\_\_

Fm6 G7 C7 F B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m6 F B $\flat$

— May you nev - er be a - lone like me; \_\_\_\_\_ Your cold, cold  
— And your cheat - in' heart was mine. \_\_\_\_\_ Our man - sion on the



F Cm7 F Bb tacet F Bb F Cm6 D7

cra - zy cheat-in' heart, \_\_\_\_\_ Gave me the love - sick  
hill was a house with-out love. \_\_\_\_\_ Why don't you love me like you used to

G7 G7-5 C7 tacet F Bb F Cm7 F7 Bb Fm6 G7

blues; \_\_\_\_\_ I can't help it if you win a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ You  
do? \_\_\_\_\_ You're gon-na change or I'm a - gon-na leave, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause

C7 1 F Fdim Gm7 C7 tacet 2 F Fdim Gm7 C7

know I'd still \_\_\_\_\_ want \_\_\_\_\_ you \_\_\_\_\_ 2. I'd  
I could nev-er be a-shamed of \_\_\_\_\_ you.

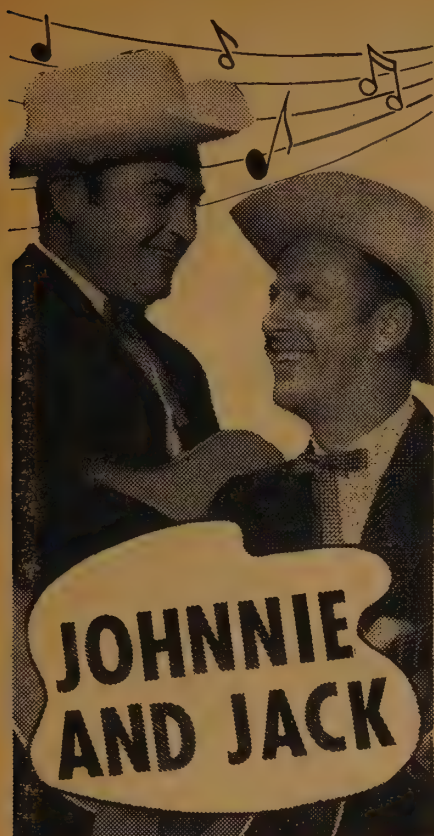
mp F Bb F Cm7 F7 Bb tacet F Bb

3. I hear that lone - some whis-tle blow-in', \_\_\_\_\_ Nev-er a - gain will I



F Cm6 D7 G7 G7<sup>-5</sup> C7 Gm7 C7 F B<sup>b</sup> F Cm7 F7  
 knock on your door; I'm so sor - ry for you, my  
 B<sup>b</sup> Fm6 G7 C7 F  
 friend, But, why should we try an - y more?  
 F7 B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Jam - ba lay and old Kaw - li - ga, Go on and  
 Dm Dm7 G7 G7<sup>-5</sup> Gm7 C7 F B<sup>b</sup> F F7  
 set the woods on fire! From now on, you'll be moan - in' the  
 B<sup>b</sup> F Cm6 D7 G7 C7 F B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m6 F  
 blues, 'Cause I'm a long gone dad-dy, now.





To know the story of Johnnie Wright and Jack Anglin and their rise to fame in the entertainment world, it is necessary to turn back the pages of time a few years to a couple of farms in Central Tennessee. For, both of these boys were born and reared close to the soil, which certainly

explains their proficiency in putting over a country song.

Their interest in music was apparent at a very early age, as both boys came from musical families. Johnnie's father played a five-string banjo, and his grandfather was at one time champ of the old-time fiddlers in Tennessee. Jack's dad was also an old-time fiddler, but was just as smooth with the guitar, which he taught to Jack and his other sons.

The four Wright brothers (no humor intended) formed a quartet and began their radio career in 1936 in Nashville appearing on Radio Station WSIX. There they met Johnnie a-pickin' and a-singin' on the same station. They soon joined forces and originated the Tennessee Mountain Boys, with Jack singing tenor and Johnnie doing the baritone. Recalling these early days, Johnnie and Jack remember that their knees were knocking and they were plenty nervous on their first show dates.

Since their first job over WSIX, the boys have been featured on two of the nation's best-known country music programs, the "Louisiana Hayride" (KWKH, Shreveport, La.) and the "Grand Ole Opry" (WSM, Nashville, Tenn.), where they are at present. In addition, they've done personal appearances throughout the 48 and have written over 100 songs together. Among the most popular of these are "You Can't Conceal A Broken Heart," "I Can't Tell My Heart That," "Lonesome," "What About You" and "Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide."

It was in the fall of 1949 that Johnnie really started up the ladder to

stardom. For, it was then that they recorded "What About You" for Victor Records. Today, and with many other wax successes to their credit, they find themselves among the elite in the recording field. After their record debut, the boys came through with such hits as "Poison Love," "I Can't Tell My Heart That," "I'm Gonna Love You One More Time" and "Cryin' Heart Blues." Their latest release, "South In New Orleans," backed with "The Winner Of Your Heart," is currently one of the top platters in the country and western field.

Both Johnnie and Jack are married, and each makes his home in Nashville. Johnnie and his wife have three fine youngsters, Ruby, Johnnie, Jr. and Carol. Jack and his wife have no children. The boys' favorite pastime is hunting and fishing, while song-writing takes up a good deal of their spare time.

Yes, it's a long way from amateur song-writers to getting a famed group together such as their Tennessee Mountain Boys, but Johnnie and Jack sum it all up by saying, "We like to play and sing for people, and we try to sing and play the type of songs they enjoy. Guess they like it, and we sure are glad."

Today they are at their peak. Their record sales are hitting the million mark; their voices are heard on almost every radio station in the country; you'll find their records on most juke boxes; and they are featured stars on WSM's Grand Ole Opry. It sure looks like the team of Johnnie and Jack aim to be around for quite awhile.

The team of Homer Haynes and Jethro Burns are a synonym for fun to both hillbilly and popular music lovers. For, these two zanys, who were the first to sing pop songs in country music dialect, have added a bit of cheer to the lives of millions of fans from coast to coast via their RCA Victor recordings and weekly appearances on the WLS (Chicago) National Barn Dance.

Both boys hail from Tennessee and both began their musical careers at an early age. Homer first sang over WNOX in Knoxville at the age of nine, while Jethro made his debut on the same station at fourteen. After spending some time at KWTO in Springfield, Missouri, and making personal appearances in that area, they moved on to Chicago and WLS.

The hayseed vocalists first attracted attention with their versions of "Baby, It's Cold Outside" and "Country Girl," which they sang with rural warbler June Carter. World War II temporarily interrupted their careers, as Homer served in the Army as a clerk, truck driver and finally medical technician, while Jethro spent thirty months in the South Pacific with the 37th Division and was discharged as a staff sergeant.

After the war, the boys took up where they left off. Their waxings of such popular favorites as "Too Young," "Too Old To Cut The Mustard" and "Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyeballs," and more recently, "That Hound Dog In The Winder" backed with "Pore Ol Koo-Liger" zoomed them right up to the top of the success ladder.

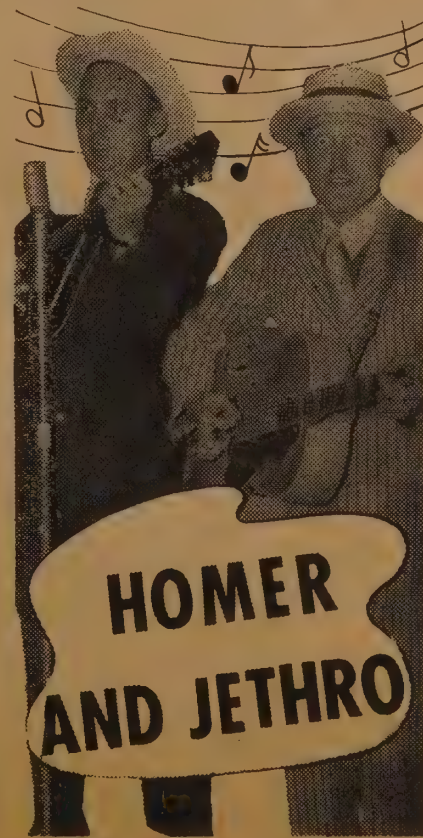
Inspired by the warm reception to

their single discs, the masters of parody decided to do an entire album, choosing a Tin Pan Alley "great" as their first victim. In "Homer And Jethro Fracture Frank Loesser," the boys give their special "treatment" to such Loesser favorites as "Moon Of Manakoa," "Slow Boat To China," "Once In Love With Amy," "Have I Stayed Away Too Long," "My Darling, My Darling," "A Bushel And A Peck" and "If I Were A Bell." Far from being upset over the event, Mr. Loesser had this to say: "I thought I'd be feeling pretty wrought-up over this lampooning and possibly issue a complaint to the RCA Victor Company; but they have shot at my eight little targets with great humor and characteristic skill. I guess the joke's on me, but I love it. It's like looking into one of those Coney Island mirrors. I'm all distorted, but by gosh, it's still me, and I'm having a good laugh at myself. Every songwriter should be as lucky."

Jethro, who plays mandolin, was born in Conasauga, Tennessee, while the guitar-strumming Homer hails from Knoxville. Homer's father was a guitarist and church singer, while his mother was also musical, being a piano player and singer. When Jethro was a youngster, he wanted to be a professional baseball player, but Homer always preferred show business to anything else.

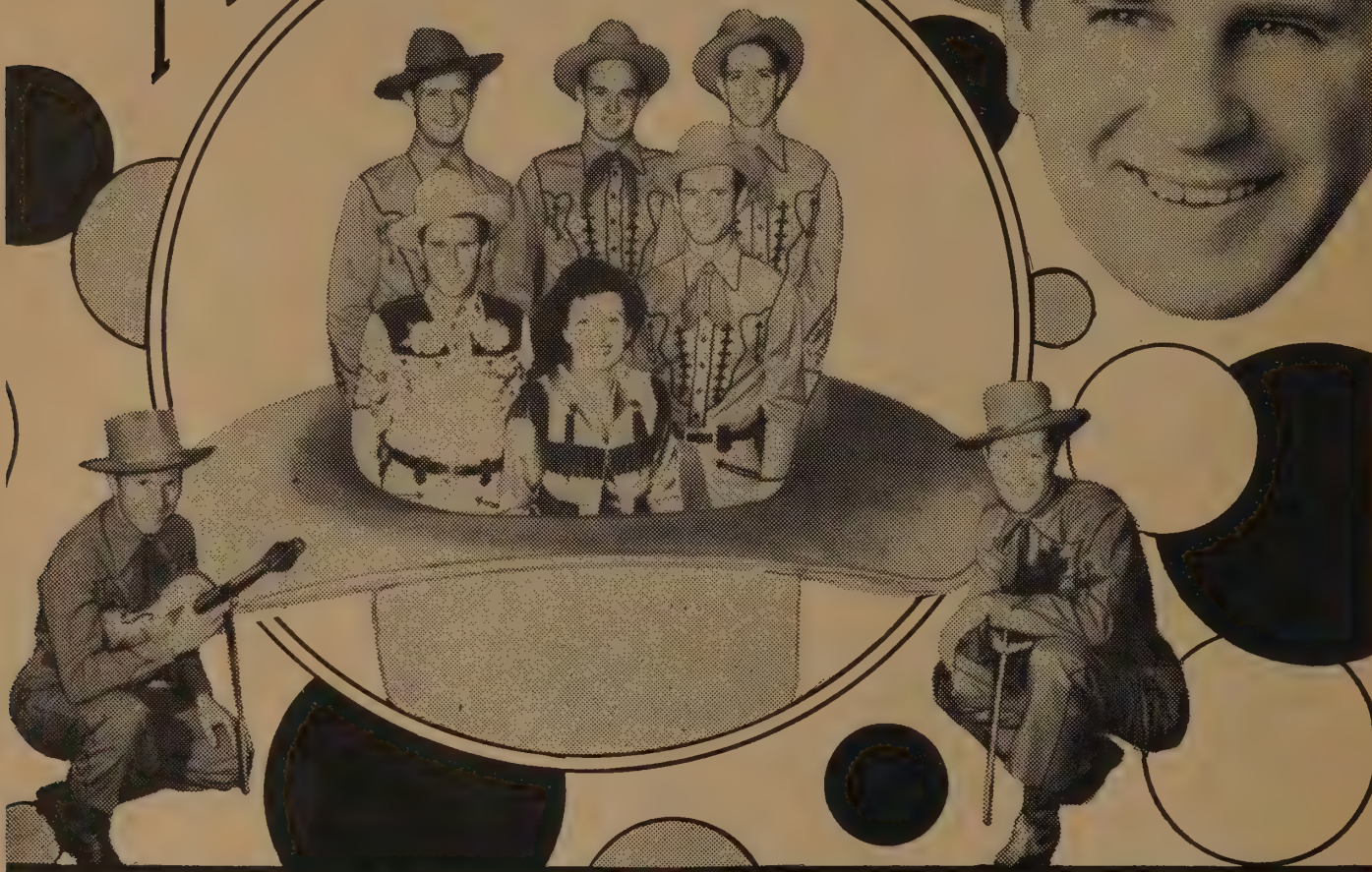
Homer met his wife, the former Elizabeth Coleman, when they both appeared on the Renfro Valley Show. He calls the Smokey Mountains his home and enjoys nothing better than fishing and relaxing in his beloved mountains. The Haynes' have one son, Kenneth. Jethro is married to the former Lois Johnson, and they also have a son, John Charles.

The pair are well-known for their wacky costumes and nick-names. So far Homer has been blessed with such quaint labels as "Hank," "Whitey" and "Doghead," all of which are typical of the clowning which has endeared them to the hearts of their many fans and admirers.





# TENNESSEE WALTZ KING



## PEE WEE KING AND THE GANG

Of all the present-day entertainer-composers to further the cause of country music, one name stands out above all the others. That name is Frankie "Pee Wee" King, and just one quick look at the titles of the songs penned by the diminutive accordionist and his collaborator, Redd Stewart, tells us why. Tunes like "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Tennessee Waltz," "Slowpoke" and "You Belong To Me" have made Pee Wee famous the nation over.

Yes, he certainly has come a long way from the small group he started with while in high school . . . and a long way, too, from his first professional appearance at the age of 14 over WRJN in Racine, Wisconsin, and WHBY in Green Bay. Following his high school days, Pee Wee joined another all-time great, Gene Autry, rounding out one of the latter's early country bands. Later, he was with the "Log Cabin Boys."

Pee Wee left Autry when Gene decided to move to California. In 1936, the fabulous Mr. King formed his own "Golden West Cowboys," and the following year they appeared on the Grand Ole Opry. To say they were well-liked is the understatement of the year, because the boys stayed with the "Opry" for ten years and became the first band from the program to play

in the movies. Also, their RCA Victor recordings have been ranked right up with the top records anywhere.

Pee Wee comes by his musical ability naturally. His father was a band-leader who played old-time music on his violin for dances and parties in Northern Wisconsin, while his brother fronts a band of his own in the same area.

The story behind his biggest song to date, "Tennessee Waltz," is an oft-told one, but it can always stand a retelling, because it deals with one of our greatest modern-day songs. Since 1938 the melody to it had been Pee Wee's theme song. The composer, Redd Stewart, got the idea for the melody while waiting for a tow truck to show up, after his car had broken down on a country road. He never dreamed that years afterward, a lyric would be written to the tune while he was driving down another country road. Redd was a member of Pee Wee's band then, and the two of them were driving to another date in the equipment truck. Pee Wee kept whistling the tune as they road along, and Redd kept coming up with ideas for a lyric, but nothing seemed to fit. However, before too long, Redd recalled an incident that had happened a few nights before. They had just concluded play-

ing an old, old waltz, and during the succeeding intermission, an elderly man told Redd about how he had introduced his girl to a friend of his while this waltz was being played; and later the friend and the girl married. Redd told Pee Wee that maybe this was the idea they were looking for. They began to pattern the lyrics after the story, and as they rode along that dreary country road that night, the "Tennessee Waltz" was born, much to the happiness of the American music world.

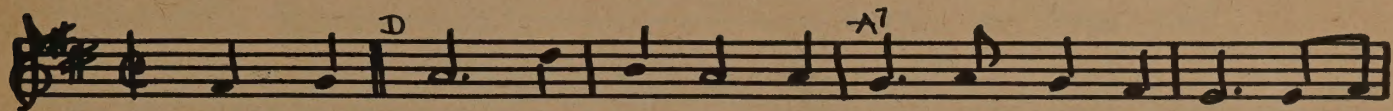
Pee Wee had many hits since then, but "Tennessee Waltz," with which Patti Page went way over the million mark in record sales, still remains on top. His latest RCA Victor coupling features "Last Night On The Back Porch" backed with "Screwball," a pair of novelty tunes.

"The Tennessee Waltz King" is happily married and has four wonderful children, Marietta Jo, Frank, Jr., and the twins, Larry and Gene. Despite his busy schedule, Pee Wee always finds time for his family, feeling that they should come first in his life. His hobbies are horseback riding and hunting, and he also takes great pride in his trick horses and large wardrobe of western attire.

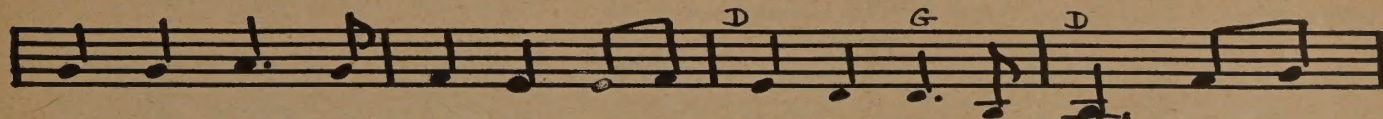


## WHAT'S THE USE TO LOVE YOU

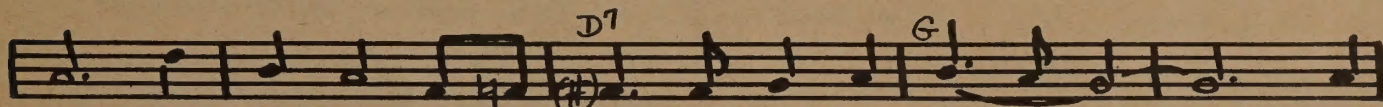
FARON YOUNG



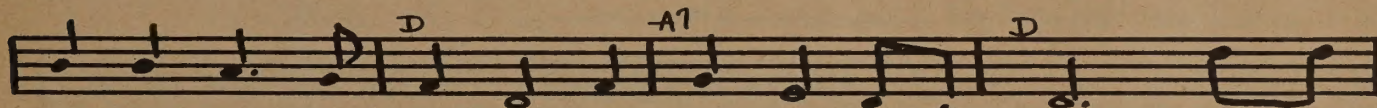
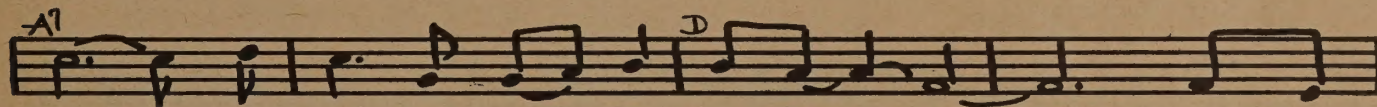
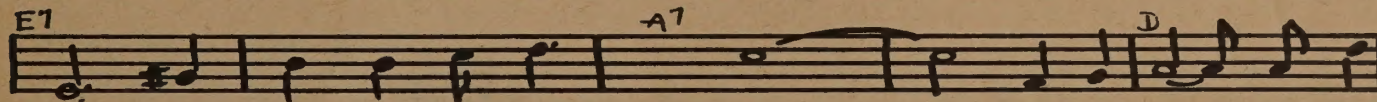
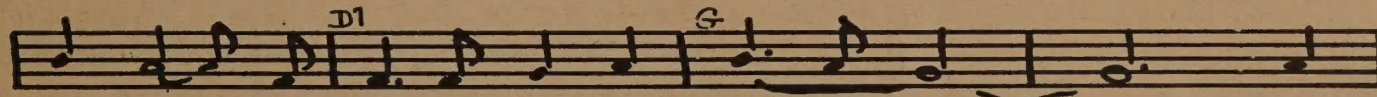
WHAT'S THE USE TO LOVE YOU I KNOW THAT I CAN'T WIN, SINCE YOUR



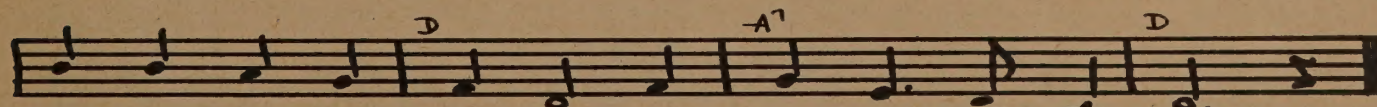
LOVE IS WITH A - NOTH - ER IT WOULD ON - LY BE A SIN, WHAT'S THE



USE OF DREAM - ING IT WOULD ON - LY MAKE ME BLUE oooo ————— So

WHAT'S THE USE MY DARL - ING TO GO ON LOV - ING YOU — WE HAD  
I HADPLANNED — THAT HE WOULD SET YOU FREE. ————— NOW WE  
HOPES — THAT YOU WOULD BE MY OWN. ————— BUTKNOW THAT THIS CAN NEV - ER BE. ————— I KNOW THAT YOU'VE FOR -  
NOW IT'S PLAIN TO SEE I'LL HAVE TO FACE THIS WORLD ALONE —

GOT - TEN — THE HAP - PI - NESS WE KNEW — oooooo ————— So



WHAT'S THE USE MY DARL - ING TO GO ON LOV - ING YOU. —

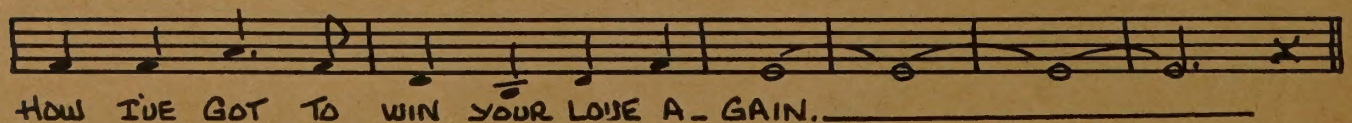
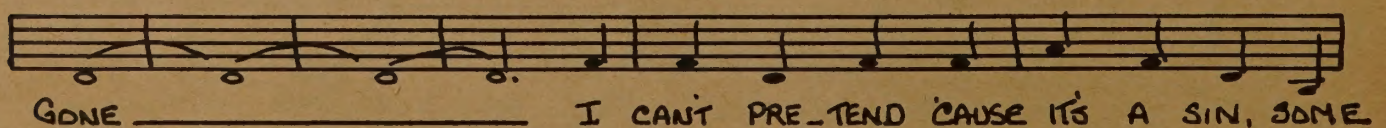
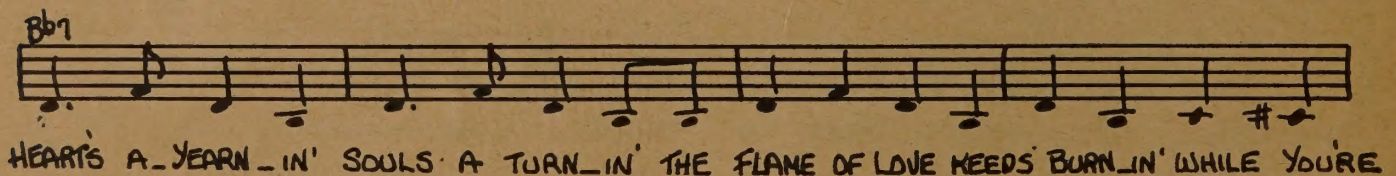
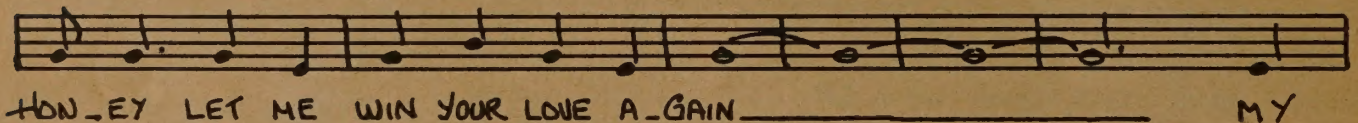
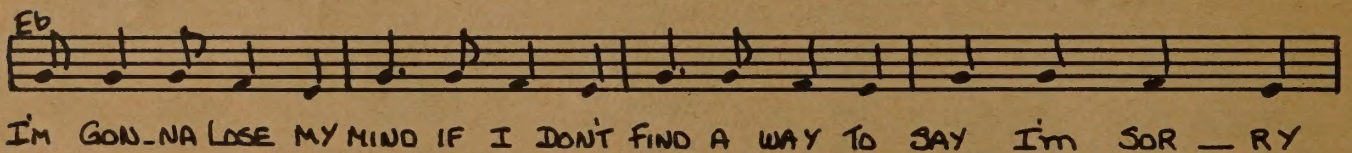
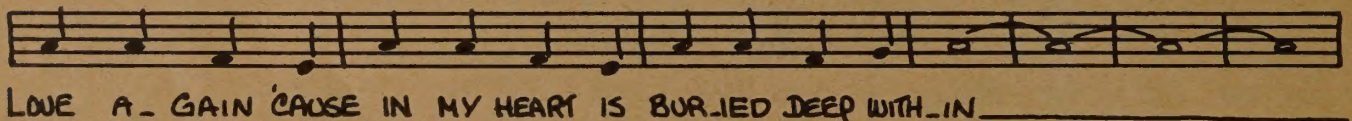
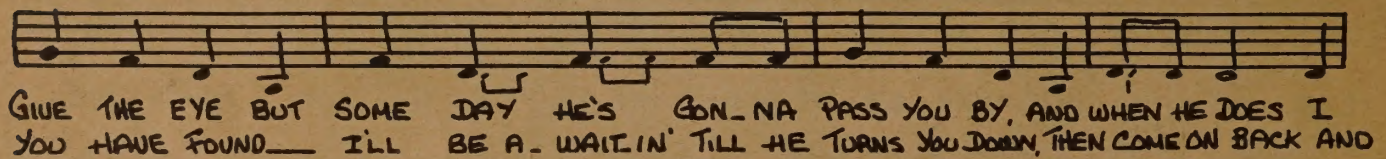
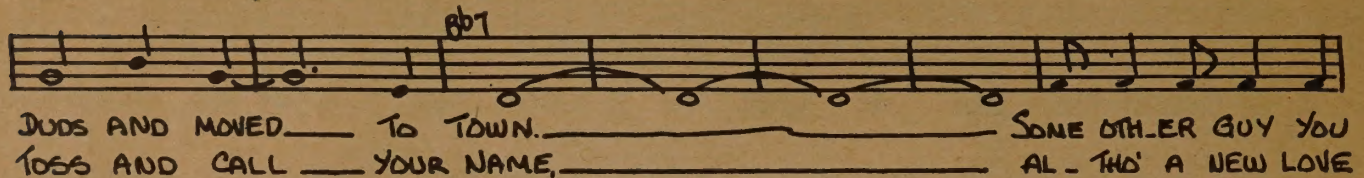
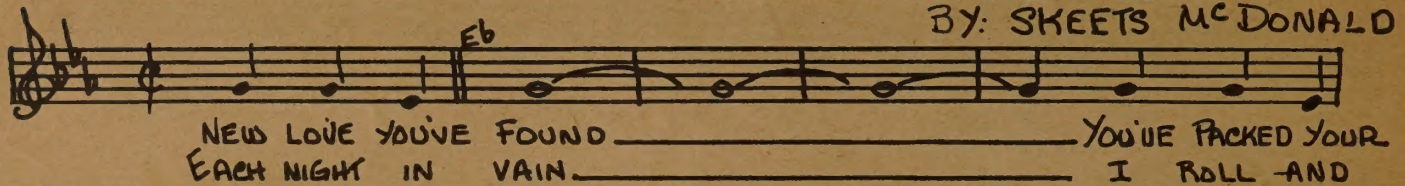
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CENTRAL SONGS, INC.



# I'VE GOT TO WIN YOUR LOVE AGAIN

BY: SHEETS McDONALD





# I CAN'T LAST LONG

SKEETS McDONALD

MEDIUM BLUES TEMPO

AINT HAD NO SLEEP, JUST MOAN AND WEEP AND  
HURT-IN' IN-SIDE MY TEARS HAVE MUL-TI-PLIED, AND  
MY HEART'S A-BEAT-IN' WEAK I CAN'T LAST LONG  
IF YOU STAY LONG GONE I CAN'T LAST LONG  
YOU LOOKED AT ME AND SMILED AND SAID I CRAMPED YOUR STYLE I'M  
YOU MADE MY LIFE A MESS NO NEED TO TELL THE REST I  
ON THAT LAST LONG MILE I CAN'T LAST LONG. } MY  
FEEL THE BLUES CREEP IN' ON I CAN'T LAST LONG. }  
FEV-ER'S HIGH, I'M DRINK-IN' RYE, TO DROWN THE FLAMES, BUT  
IT WON'T DIE. KEEP THE BURN-IN' BRIGHT FOR YOU, DAY AND NIGHT FOR YOU,  
SINCE YOU SAID GOOD-BYE I CAN'T LAST  
LONG (2) I'm A LONG

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78-21

# The Red Rose

by  
SLIM WILLET

THE RED ROSE..... That grew beside the  
path where you and I have strolled..... To-  
day..... has lost its petals to the wind and  
cold..... It's all a-lone like me.....  
..... It knew the love of summer skies, the  
stars and moon..... The fall winds..... Have  
left the rose, like me, out in the cold a--lone..... I still  
stroll..... A-long the path where I picked ro-ses  
for my love not many moons a---go..... The sum--mer  
sun..... and heat of lovers' quarrels left me all a--lone.....

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